TO THE NORTH POLE

Whalers Which Jam Through Ice Packs After Game.

EXCITEMENTS ON SHIPBOARD

The Royal Sport of Whaling Is Not What It Used to Be—When Blubber Is Boiled.

Life on a whaleship is unique and picturesque. During a voyage of many months beyond the touch of civilization there must of necessity be many days of dreary monotony; yet the queer characters of the sailors, the striking oddity of the life, its entire difference from any other calling and the indescribable fascination of being on the sea made a whaling cruise one of the most interesting and thrilling of my experiences.

Many changes have come into whaling and its methods during the past quarter of a century. As an industry it has dropped from an important place to almost the bottom of the list. The objects of the voyage also have changed. Formerly, oil was the one great object of the voyage and whalebone was of little or no consequence; now the whalebone is very valuable, being worth about five dollars a pound, while the oil is worth so little that many whales are killed for their whalebone and the carcasses are cut adrift without saving any of the blubber. Modern invention, with its powerful explosives, has made whaling a mere game of slaughter, where formerly it was royalty among sports. To-day the industry, except so far as the master of the vessel and a few officers are concerned, is mostly a novel money earning routine.

When, after many days at sea we entered the ice, we seemed to have come into an entirely new existence. The ship and whaling gear had long been all ready for service. The men were nerved up to the excitement of "raising" the first whale, and the brisk weather infused new life and animation into everybody and everything. The first week of life in the ice was frightful. A terrific gale from the northwest blew constantly, and a wild sea was running. Packs formed and disintegrated like magic. We would be for one instant in a vast expanse of open water and in the next instant so solidly incased in the pack that the ship's timbers would crack from the pressure of the ice. Every man had a little bundle of one change of clothing at hand at all times, so that in case the squeeze proved fatal we could take to the small boats without loss or unnecessary risk of life. I was especially favored, as my bundle included, besides a change of clothing, my manuscripts, some dry plates and a detective camera. In times of danger like this many hours were whirled away in calmly watching the pack, and planning what we should do in case we were nipped. No one was terror-stricken, for this was a danger that threatened us almost every day for six months.

The sight of these whaleships' maneuvers in the ice is a grand one. Most seamanship of the pure type in the ma-

CUTTING UP BLUBBER.

rine world of to-day is in the whaling service, for in these vessels brawn and muscle, not steam, do most of the work. Every officer prides himself on his seamanship. In fact he must be a thorough sailor before he can be an officer. A slight miscalculation in giving the command or an instant's delay in executing it when told to "haul" may send the ship crashing into the ice pack. Yet with a man aloft to survey the ice for miles and pick out the "leads" of open water, a second on the bowsprit to guide the ship around and among the the cakes of ice, a third on the tryworks to carry the commands and two men at the wheel to execute them, these whaleships squirm about in the ice, guided by such rare skill and judgment that the paint on the side of the vessel is hardly scratched except in times of stress of weather.

We had been in the ice about two weeks, with a double lookout in the "crow's nest," and one or two men on deck watching for spouts, in addition to most of the green hands. The lookout aloft sighted a genuine spout. The mate was having his watch below. "All hands!" was shouted from one end of the ship to the other, and two boats lowered away. The second mate's boat was quickly on the spot waiting for the whale to rise again, and the four other boats scattered up and down the edge of the pack. They were from half a mile to a mile and a half from the vessel, but with the long glass every move could be distinctly observed. Minutes seemed hours, when, most unexpectedly, the monster rose and spouted almost within a ship's length from the second mate's boat. In an instant there was a grand spectacle. Jose's great physique loomed up in the stern of the boat as he manipulated the long steering oar, while in the head of the boat was equally as fine a physique in the person of the Scandinavian boat steerer, harpoon in hand, watching his chance. The boat made a beautiful spurt, such a spurt as only a whaleboat can make in an emergency like this, and in an instant the harpoon had been sent on its deadly errand. The excitement, splashing and shouting which followed cannot be described. The whale—an immense one of perhaps one hundred and twenty barrels in size—was in the agonies of death, churning up the ocean most vigorously. Amidst all the din stood Mr. Jose, with his foot on the thwarts of the boat, working for dear life to escape the lashings of the whale's flukes. His deep penetrating voice rolled in volumes over the water: "Kill him dead!" "Kill him dead!" "Kill him dead!" They did "kill him dead," but not until after the whale was lost far into the pack where the boats could not reach him.

Jolly, independent and irresponsible as sailors are, there are times when they are exceedingly thoughtful. Shortly before we sailed from San Francisco a sister whaler had passed through the Golden Gate, encountered a head wind and opposing tides, and had been swept irresistibly to destruction, with twenty-two lives lost. We passed through the Golden Gate under somewhat similar circumstances. Head winds delayed us until the incoming of the tide, but by skillful seamanship we kept off, and on the third day passed out of sight of land.

But a whaleship is a lively, bustling, excited community when a whale has just been caught. Immediately after a

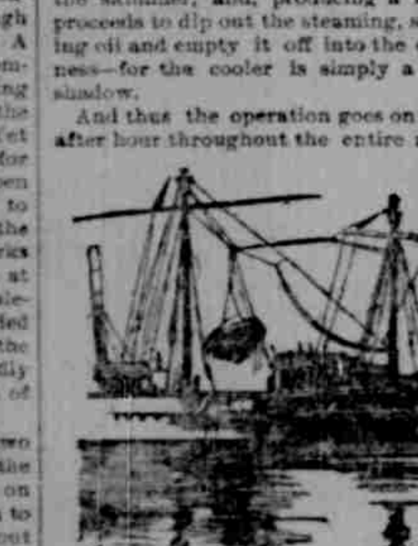
AN IMPISH FIGURE MINCING HORSE PIECES.

whale is killed it is "cut-in." The blubber is stripped off in "blanket pieces" and stowed away in the blubber room, while the head—the upper jaws, so to speak—which contains the whalebone is hoisted on deck, and the whalebone is carefully removed. Unless whaling is so brisk that the services of the whole crew are required, trypots are fired up and trying out begun. The greasiness of this process is beyond the conception of one who has not aided in it. One or two men are tolled off into the blubber room to cut the blanket pieces into the more conveniently handled "horse pieces." Oil oozes out of the blubber, smearing the men from head to foot, until they wallow about in several inches of grease. In stress of weather, when the ship is pitching and rolling, the men in the blubber room are frequently thrown over on their greasy foothold and rolled about in the horrible stuff.

On deck other men "mince" the horse pieces, still others tend the trypots, the oil press and the coolers, while the cooper sets up and "flags" the casks ready to stow the oil down in the hold. And so the work in all its phases goes merrily on in a sea of grease everywhere. From one end of the ship to the other there is grease. But, the boiling once over, the ship is washed with strong lye, and made as clean as when her keel first cut the water. During the daytime trying out is dirty and disgusting work. But at night time there is an entire change. Hanging near the trypots is the "bug-light," a wire basket of about a bushel capacity. This is filled with the "scraps," that have been skimmed from the pots and squeezed in the press, but which still contain considerable oil, and which burn with a vigor that would discount a torch of pitch. This is the only light. Not unfrequently the "bug-light" of another whaler will be seen glimmering brightly through the darkness, while not an outline of the vessel is visible.

As we watch operations under this light we see the men moving about the deck like dark characterless phantoms. In the foreground are two seething pots, each with its roaring fire of scraps. A figure—made impish by the contending glows of the fire and the bug-light and by the steaming, seething oil—tends each fire. With a long-handled fork he reaches out into the empty darkness, picks up a shapeless mass and drops it into the pot. Laying down the fork, he reaches for a long pole, stirs up the pot, returns the pole into its dark corner, brings out a skimmer, takes off the scraps, then returns the skimmer, and, producing a ladle, proceeds to dip out the steaming, seething oil and empty it off into the darkness—for the cooler is simply a deep shadow.

And thus the operation goes on hour after hour throughout the entire night



HOISTING THE HEAD ON BOARD.

without interruption except by the momentary delays with the few changes in the shifts of the men.

It is only on such occasions as this that the full charm and fascination of whaling can be appreciated. More stories may be "swapped" and more yarns spun during the daily "dog-watch" when the starboard and port watch are together and all hands are on deck. But under the glow of the bug-light, with the excitement of the successful chase fresh in mind, and every inducement at hand to recall past experiences, there is an interchange of yarns that brings out all the picturesqueness of the whaleman's life. The bug-light casts a spell over everything. It gives marvelous elasticity to stories that have already been told during the dog-watch. It extends the imagination and lubricates the yarn-spinning tendencies of the sailors. It obliterates the lines between the possible and the impossible. And, most of all, it breeds good nature. All hands talk for the sake of talking rather than in the expectation of being listened to.

No mention of whaling in the Arctic regions is complete without touching upon the part the Esquimaux play in it. Many vessels ship two or three natives for the season as sailors and pay them partially in blubber. Many of these men have come to expect the flukes of a whale as a perquisite, and such a perquisite is of great value, since it represents food enough for one family for a considerable portion of the winter. Returning from the Arctic we stopped in Behring straits to land our three men. Each one had his perquisite, and the whole settlement turned out to help land them. Our vessel was "full." Not a gallon of oil-carrying capacity was left, and in the blubber room were two tons or more of blubber that had not been boiled out. This, too, we gave to the natives, and a God-send it was, for they were about entering upon the winter season with a short supply of food. The blubber was already in horse pieces. Two natives went down into the blubber room to heave the pieces on deck. Two men on deck threw the pieces over the rails into canoes, and a man in each canoe stowed them away to the best advantage.

As the first canoe load approached shore it was received with a shout of joy from the whole settlement. Men, women and children rushed to relieve the canoe of its load. Several of them dashed into the water up to their waists, seized the canoe and, with a shout and a heave, landed it high and dry on the beach. With the landing of the first canoe load the natives seized the blubber food and the following loads were permitted to land as best they could.

Six hours later, when we hove anchor, part of the people were still gorging themselves, while the rest, already gorged, were sleeping stupidly.

On long whaling cruises one or more deaths are liable to occur. We lost a man while at anchor under East Cape, Siberia. He was a Scandinavian and could scarcely understand a word of English. The mate announced his death as the captain and I were sitting in the cabin one afternoon. Orders were given to remove all the man's things from the forecastle and prepare him for burial. When everything was in readiness we went on deck. There

GORGING WITH WHALE'S FLESH.

lay the body, properly sewed up in canvas, and the feet heavily weighted. The whole crew with uncovered heads stood in a circle around the body. It was a touching scene. Stepping to the center, the captain examined the body carefully and found everything in proper order.

"Take out the gangplank," said he.

Several sailors obeyed the command and stepped back to their places.

"Drop him overboard," said the captain.

Before a move could be made the mate—who on this vessel was a Portuguese—stepped forward and said:

"Capt. Sherman, you no read Bible?"

"No, I guess not," replied the captain. "He's dead and couldn't hear what I read. Besides, he was Dutch and couldn't understand English."

"Oh," said the mate, "me think you ought read Bible." And with the captain's permission he went to his stateroom, got his Bible and read a chapter in Portuguese over the dead Scandinavian.

One of the curses of life at sea has been the use of grog. Formerly liquor was thought to be necessary for men in the Arctic, but experience has proved it to be harmful instead of beneficial, and only in cases of great distress is it now used. Strong coffee has taken its place, and in every whaler during times of great exposure or unusual fatigue, strong, hot coffee is always at hand, grog never.

HERBERT L. ALDRICH.

THE BURGLAR'S TRADE.

It Is Not the Easy Road to Wealth Commonly Supposed.

"Occasionally," said a retired burglar the other day, "a man transfers to himself in a single night the accumulations of another man's lifetime, but these instances are very rare, and nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that burglary is a quick and easy road to wealth. The fact is that the great majority of burglars make but a scant living, and to make even that they must encounter many difficulties and dangers. The burglar's reward, whatever it may be, is never commensurate with the risk he takes.

"I have myself acquired some property, but if I had my life to live over again I should choose some other occupation than burglary. Indeed, when you come to consider the inconvenient

STEALING A BURGLAR'S WATCH.

hours and the general worry and uncertainty of that business, the wonder is that anybody should go into it; if a man is at all inclined to be sensitive he should certainly keep out of it.

"I remember a long time ago going late one night into a room in which there was one man sleeping. His clothes were on a chair near the head of the bed. I was bending over those clothes and about to take them out into the hall when the man suddenly woke up. Without an instant's hesitation he threw his arms around me. I was young then and strong, but this man was four times as strong as I was. I think he could have crushed me if he had wanted to, and he put me out of the house with the greatest ease. But before he did that he carried me over to the table and lit a light. As he looked at me my watch chain caught his eye, and do you know that that man took my watch and chain and kept them."

MRS. BUCK TUPPER.

My profession is that of civil engineering.

After a very unsatisfactory year spent in the employ of certain mushroom railroad companies I resolved to seek a shorter route to fortune by joining the throng that was just then rushing to the silver mines of the southwest.

But, alas, for the best laid plans of an unsophisticated tenderfoot! Six months later I found myself one day stranded in a wretched little mining town without a dollar in my pocket.

How I happened just then to meet and make friends with Colonel Dingler it is no part of my purpose to relate. Suffice to say that when he offered to send me 75 miles into the country with a party of men who were to take charge of one of his ranches I accepted without demur.

There were five of us, with all possible diversity of character and bringing up.

Dennis O'Flaherty was a brilliant young Irishman, the son of a New York alderman. He had broken with his family because of his disposition to flirt with pretty girls rather than to "study for orders," as had been intended.

Si Larkins was a typical down easter, big and rawboned, and until six months ago had never been beyond the New Hampshire hills. His very opposite was Ross Harper, a dapper little fellow who, in spite of his sombrero and brace of pistols, looked very like one of the dummies that used to adorn the front of his clothing store back in Cincinnati, but for all that he was plucky and clear grit to the backbone. Then there was Buck—Buck Tupper.

Just where he hailed from no one ever seemed to know.

He seemed to be a part of the wild west himself and his knowledge of its bold, wicked ways was something marvelous.

He had a playful habit of galloping across the country, firing right and left simultaneously, or of dashing unheralded through shops and saloons on his mustang. Buck was an inveterate gambler, though something of a bungler it seemed—at least his earnings went regularly into the hands of the faro bank dealer at Waho.

One afternoon as Buck and I were returning from beyond the canyon, where we had gone in search of some missing cattle, we came upon the trail of a company of horsemen.

From the broken bits of saddle, cooking utensils and papers that were scattered about the gorge, it was evident that there had been a runaway. As reading matter was at a premium just then, I was off in an instant and was gathering up the papers, which proved to be of recent date.

So absorbed did I become in their contents that it was some minutes before I noticed that Buck also had dismounted and was examining with great interest something that he had picked up from the roadside.

It proved to be the photograph of a woman—a fine, oval face, the slightly waving hair brushed simply back from the low, broad forehead. The eyes, that you would have sworn were a clear gray, seemed to look into your own with a sweet, trustful expression. Several times during the ride home Buck took the picture from his blouse, regarding it with an air of pleased ownership.

When I came into the house after putting away the horses, I found him busily engaged in fastening the picture to the smoked wall above the chimney piece.

"It ain't no place for such," he said, nodding his head at the picture and glancing apologetically about the room, "but Buck Tupper's proud to give you the best he's got."

Looking upon the matter as a great joke, when the others came in I led them to the picture, presenting them with mock ceremony to Mrs. Buck Tupper. The name seemed to tickle Buck's fancy, and he repeated it over and over to himself with a pleased chuckle.

From that time "Mrs. Buck Tupper" became a household word with us, but it was not until some weeks after this that we learned how much of a reality she had become to the eccentric fellow. One day, when one of his chums from Waho was in the midst of a somewhat doubtful story, Buck had interrupted:

"Gimpsey, I don't 'low that's jest the talk a right nice woman likes to listen to," glancing significantly at the face on the wall. Gimpsey stopped, disconcerted and astonished, but he did not finish the story. I think he went away believing that Buck was a bit touched; indeed I am not sure but that the rest of us shared the opinion.

It was evident that for some reason a radical change had taken place in him. He went no more on his boisterous crusades, and on Sundays, when he was off duty, I had found him several times trying to spell out the words in the little Bible I had carried with me in my wanderings.

For several weeks flaming bills had been posted about announcing that there was to be a great time at Waho on Christmas eve. However, when I mentioned it to Tupper he shook his head slowly:

"Naw, I did think some about it, but Mrs. Buck Tupper"—looking up at the picture with a half smile—"I 'lowed if she was here she'd rather I wouldn't."

Seeing that I was disposed to listen he went on: "I never had no bringin up, I reckon, but I sort o' felt from the first as though that picture was a token, an I says, some day you'll find that woman herself, Buck Tupper. Of course I never could be fitten for such," sighing humbly, "but I made up my mind to be decent an squar' anyway."

For more than a month we had been annoyed by cattle thieves, but in spite of the fact that we had been re-enforced by a daring company of men, they continued to elude us. One bright, moonlight night, however, we came down upon a party of them. Our men at once opened fire. At first they showed fight, but as we far outnumbered them their leader, with a signal to his men, put spurs to his horse and in a moment they were galloping down the gorge, with several of our party in pursuit.

They had gone but a short distance when a shot took effect, and the horse of one of the outlaws fell dead.

Larkins and I hurried forward to prevent the rider's escape, but as we lifted the saddle, by which the rider had been pinioned to the ground, the long cloak and broad sombrero fell back, disclosing the fact that our captive was a woman.

At this moment one of the men came galloping back with the news that Buck had been shot. This of course put an end to the pursuit, and we hurried back to the ranch with the wounded man.

O'Flaherty and I took charge of him, while Harper was left in the outer room to guard the prisoner. From the first it was evident that Buck's wounds were fatal. He was conscious, however, though his mind seemed to wonder at times.

"I reckon I'm goin shore," he said feebly. "I never was half decent; I never knowed how; but, Jim," with a pitiful, pleading look, "if you see Mrs. Buck Tupper, I wisht you'd tell her—that—I tried."

I thought that the experience of these months had effectually hardened me, but this was too much, and on the pretense of wishing to relieve Harper I left the room.

It was not until I was alone with the woman that I looked at her. Then I was transfixed with astonishment. As she sat there, the lamplight falling on her cold, rigid face, it needed no second glance to convince me that she was the original of Buck's picture.

This then was the angel of purity at whose shrine the poor fellow had been worshiping!

My first thought was he must never know. And yet I reflected how much it would mean to him to but see her face. Going over to where she sat I hurriedly told her the whole story.

"And you want me to go to him?" Her face was cold and unfeeling, but there was a singular sweetness in her voice.

"Yes, only that he thinks you are"——

"I understand," with a faint smile. After explaining matters to O'Flaherty I led her to the bedside of the dying man and left them alone together.

When I returned some minutes later, she sat beside him, and he was holding her hand.

A change that I could not describe had come over her countenance. There was a subdued light that only tears can give to a woman's face.

"You'll make a little pra'r for me," he was saying pleadingly.

"I—I can't!"

"Yes, little one," very tenderly. "I 'low you do feel broke up, but I never jest knowed how, an the angels'd hear such as you."

The woman turned a hunted look upon the rest of us, and then slipping from her chair dropped upon her knees:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

At first the words seem to choke her, but there was something so solemn about it all that I do not think it occurred to one of us that there was anything incongruous in the repetition of the childish prayer at this moment.

Buck repeated the last words over after her:

"I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"Yes, I 'low he will," and he was gone.

Of course we could not think now of dealing with our prisoner, so, after a hurried consultation, we put her on Buck's pony, and Harper and I rode out to the trail with her, and the last we saw of Mrs. Buck Tupper she was vanishing down the gorge in the gray morning mist.

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The following summer I returned to Boston, and as the years slipped away my western experience became gradually an uncertain memory.

One evening late in December as I was walking up Duane street my attention was arrested by the sound of music that came from the Salvation Army barracks across the street.

I have a friend in Jesus;
He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

I crossed over and stood for a moment in the crowd that surged about the door. The singing had ceased, and a woman was speaking. I could not see her face, but her voice was a singularly musical falsetto.

"Though your sins be as scarlet—do you hear that?" she was saying. "Scarlet—that means blood—an the Bible says no murderer can enter the kingdom. But he can wash the murder out of your heart, bless his name! He says, 'I will make them white as snow.'"

Seized with a sudden curiosity, I mounted one of the benches to get a glimpse of the speaker's face. A pale face, with clear, gray eyes and waving, brown hair—where had I seen it before? What was the vague memory that for a moment seemed only to tantalize me? I had gone back through the years and the same face—only younger and fuller—was looking at me from the smoked wall above the chimney piece.

"Mrs. Buck Tupper!" Involuntarily the words came to my lips. At this moment the woman's eyes met my own. A confused look overspread her face, and she faltered in her speech. Could it be that she knew me? No, but she had seen the look of recognition in my face, and recognition to a woman with such a past must be always disturbing, I reflected, as I stepped down and joined the crowd outside.

"Who is she?" I questioned of a strapping fellow with a flaming badge upon his breast.

"That's Captain Mildred," speaking enthusiastically. "The devil hates that woman, I tell you! Why, she'd go through anything to get a poor wretch out of his clutches. Why, she's a"——

But I did not wait to hear the rest. Here, I mused, was a fit sequel to poor Buck's love story, and as I walked away the song floated out again, clear and triumphant:

And sweeping up to glory,
To see his blessed face,
Where rivers of delight forever roll,
He's the lily of the valley—
The bright and morning star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

—Mattie M. Boteler in Cincinnati Post.

Accommodating.

Husband—After today I'm going to try a new plan with you. Every time you get a new dress it must be understood that I can invite my friends here to a little poker party and a merry time generally.

Wife (sweetly)—You can have them every night, dear, if you want to.—Truth.

Just His Luck.

"I hear Simpson had a streak of bad luck and has been losing money."

"Did he lose much?"

"About $10,000."

"How did it happen?"

"He fell down a coal hole that was left uncovered and wasn't hurt."—Detroit Free Press.

A Matter of Taste.

Mrs. B.—I consider Mr. Jonson a very nice fellow.

Mrs. A.—I don't. Why, he's not a bit like men who come to see me.

Mrs. B.—Well, that is nothing against him.—Vogue.

A SNOW LEGEND.

"O ye clouds that float above me,
O ye winds that round me blow,
Can ye tell me from what quarter
Comes the driving snow?"

"From the north, inquiring maiden,
Where an old man, stooping low
By his grate, mourns o'er the ashes,"
Said the winds that blow.
"For the snowflakes are the ashes
Of the summer's glow.

"See him as he stoops and shivers,
Rubs his wrinkled hands and sighs—
'Just one ember left a-glowing,
And that ember dies;
Come back, summer, come and warm me,
I am cold,' he cries.

"Then he catches up the bellows,
Tries to make the embers glow;
Only sets the ashes whirling,
Dancing high and low.
And the ashes of the summer
Are the flakes of snow."

—Anna Temple in Youth's Companion.

THAT SCARFPIN.

It was the third week of my first visit to Paris. The days had been passed most pleasantly among the masters in painting and sculpture in the Louvre, among the modern paintings in the galleries of the Luxembourg, and in wandering about the parks and libraries. When I had first gone to the Hotel Normandie, I had found there my classmate and close friend, Melville, and we had whiled away several days most pleasantly in talking over our college joys and comparing our experiences since we had parted on the university campus the day of our graduation.

When I first met him in the corridor of the hotel I noticed on his cravat a curious pin which at once attracted my attention. In form it was oval, about a quarter of an inch in length, chocolate in color, and in the dim light of the hall seemed highly polished. It being so different from the usual scarfpin, I asked him where he got it. He did not reply to my question, but taking the pin from his tie handed it to me. Upon examining it I found its surface covered with what I took to be Egyptian hieroglyphics. Having given no little attention to the study of these curious signs, my interest was at once aroused, and I expressed a desire to keep it for a few days in order to examine it with a glass. But Melville, with a strange smile, took it without a word and put it back in his cravat, and I of course did not insist on examining it.

A few days later Melville met me in the corridor, stopped me and said that by the morning paper he had noticed that the day before an acquaintance of his, having lost his last napoleon in the Casino, had committed suicide at Monte Carlo; that he believed he was the only person in Europe who knew the unfortunate gambler, and he had decided to go to Monte Carlo and care for the body. While we were talking we had walked to the front of the hotel, and Melville had called a cab. Just before he got in he handed me his cravat pin, and with a smile said I could examine it while he was gone, and as he drove off he called back that he would be back in a few days and cautioned me to be careful of his pin.

Two weeks from that day I received a telegram from Melville saying he would be back that evening and asking me to procure seats for "Faust" at the Grand Opera. In the meantime I had given considerable attention to the pin and had concluded that it was without doubt a genuine Egyptian charm or fetich not less than 8,000 years old. Such stones being very rare and valuable, I was surprised that my friend had intrusted it to me at all, and I was anxious to learn where he had obtained so great a curiosity.

That afternoon I determined to take a walk in the garden of the Tuilleries, which is not far from the Normandie. After an exhilarating walk I had taken a seat and drawn a book from my pocket, intending to read an hour before returning for dinner, but my attention was soon drawn from my book by a young lady sitting diagonally across the promenade from me. She had taken the seat soon after I sat down, and was looking in such a direction that I could get only a profile view of her face, which seemed strangely familiar to me. After reading and watching alternately for half an hour I determined to get a better view of her face in order to decide whether I was mistaken in my idea that I had seen her.

As I started toward her she rose and walked in the same direction. I had followed her perhaps 30 yards when she stumbled, and the next instant with a groan fell to the ground. As quickly as possible I had lifted her up and helped her to a seat near by. I then asked her if I should call assistance, but she said it would not be necessary as she would be all right in a moment, although she would be glad if I would remain with her. Such a request I could not refuse, nor did I care to, as I had discovered she was quite pretty, and from her accent I knew she was an American.

When in a few minutes I asked her if I should call a cab, she thanked me and asked if I would not be kind enough to drive with her to 74 Rue de Blanc, a street not far away on which I knew were situated a large number of fashionable pensions or boarding houses. On the way she told me that her home was in Massachusetts, and with her father and brother she was making a long stay in Paris. When we reached her number, she insisted that I go in and meet her father, and I of course agreed.

As soon as I had paid the cabman and given him three times the usual gratuity I followed my fair and new found friend into the parlor, where I remained while she went to find her father. She quickly returned, saying that he was out, but would return in a short time, and that if I would wait she would try to entertain me. Inwardly thanking the old gentleman for being so considerate, I was much pleased to wait.

The time passed pleasantly and rapidly, and I thought nothing of the father's prolonged absence, but suddenly I remembered Melville and the opera, looked at my watch and found that I had barely time to get dinner, meet my friend and reach the play. I was very sorry that I could not wait longer, and at her request I promised to call the next afternoon at 3.

Rising to go, I took my hat and was about to open the door, when I was much surprised to find a pair of arms around my neck. Half angry and wholly amazed I hardly knew what to do, but hearing a step without in an instant I had slipped from her embrace and opened the door. Coming up the steps was a middle aged gentleman, at the sight of whom the girl shrieked and ran down the hall. The gentleman stopped me and asked how I happened to be with that lady. I told him that I had met her in the garden, had brought her to this house and had waited to meet her father.

He smiled sadly and said he had just left notice at the police headquarters to have the entire force on the lookout for her; that two months before her brother had been lost in attempting the ascent of the Matterhorn, and since that time she had been a maniac; he was keeping her confined in a suite of rooms at this house, hoping that entire rest would restore her reason. He thanked me for what I had done and asked me to call the next afternoon.

Having eaten my dinner very rapidly, I met Melville and we went to the opera. During the time between acts he told me of his sad trip to Monte Carlo, and it was not until we were slowly walking up the Avenue de l'Opera that I told him of my unusual experience of the afternoon.

With a shade of that same strange smile I had before noticed he asked me the appearance of the man, and when I described him he half muttered, "I thought so." Nothing more was said for several blocks, when he suddenly asked, the smile being fully developed, "And where is my pin?" I put my hand to my cravat—the pin was gone! I knew that I had worn it in the afternoon, and now it was missing. Melville noticed my surprise and said again, "I thought so."

After walking a moment in silence he continued: "That pin was very highly valued by one of Europe's most noted gamblers. Some months ago, on account of severe losses, he was compelled to part with it at a very low figure, as its real value was not known. I recently discovered it in a pawnshop, recognized it as having belonged to this gambler and bought it for the ridiculous price of 10 napoleons. One day I met its former owner in the hotel. He recognized the pin on my tie, looked wistfully at it, but said nothing. Several times after that I noticed a rather pretty young lady watching me very closely. You have perfectly described both this woman and the gambler. Now you know where my pin is."

I said nothing; what could I say?

But the next day I called at 74 at the appointed hour. When I presented my card and asked for the gentleman, the reply came: "Ze shentleman an hees daughter go dees mornin, but ze shentleman leave ze note for monsieur." And she handed me an envelope containing a thousand franc note, upon one corner of which was written, "Many thanks for the pin." Both Melville and I were satisfied.—T. C. B. in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Illustrating the Solar System.

The solar system is well illustrated by the following statements: Let the sun be represented by a globe 2 feet in diameter. A grain of mustard seed at the circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter will adequately represent the size and distance of Mercury. The earth will be represented by a pea on the circumference of a circle 284 feet across, and Venus by another pea on the outside of a 430-foot circle. Mars will be adequately represented by a pinhead at 654 feet, and the asteroids by grains of sand 1,000 to 1,200 feet away. An orange at the distance of half a mile will stand for Jupiter, a very small apple at four-fifths of a mile will stand for Saturn and a cherry on the circumference of a circle 1½ miles across will represent Uranus.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Profitable Fish Raising.

In conversation with an acquaintance who is a fish culturist from a love of the business, and who fortunately combines the interest with a means of making a livelihood (happy the man so situated), he gave me some interesting notes. He said: "It is a mistake to suppose that there is money to be made raising trout in artificial ponds for the market. The chances of raising fish to a good size are so small that nothing is in favor of the undertaking. To a man of means who can afford to invest the money and pay largely for a few fish, and have them whenever he wants them, well and good, but to the person bound to make the most of his chances, why, he will quickly learn that yearlings and fry sold for stocking are the best paying means."—American Angler.

Elaborate Dinner Gowns.

Dinner dresses are this winter extremely rich and magnificent. Velvet, satin and brocade of gorgeous hues are bordered with sable and priceless lace, and gold and silver embroideries give additional brilliancy. The bishop's purple, so much admired, keeps its color well under artificial light and is seen at its best when subdued by the lights and shades that play over the thick pile of Genoa velvet, and the same may be said of the moss greens and sapphire blues, which are apt to look harsh and obtrusive in silk or satin.

Some of the paler tints, moonlight blue, seagreen and cedar are also very beautiful in velvet, as well as the shot opalescent tones that defy description.—Manchester Guardian.

Milo Was a Great Eater.

Milo, the famous athlete of ancient Greece (born 520 B. C.) was victor at both the Olympic and Pythian games for six times in succession. On one occasion he ran four miles with an ox on his shoulders, killed the animal with a blow of his fist and then ate the entire carcass in one day. An ordinary meal for this gluttonous Titan was 20 pounds of bread, twice that much meat and 15 pints of wine.—St. Louis Republic.

Helping the Monkey.

"Dan," said a 4-year-old, "give me 5 cents to buy a monkey."

"We have one monkey in the house now," said the elder brother.

"Who is it, Dan?"

"You," was the reply.

"Then give me 5 cents to buy the monkey some nuts."

The brother could not resist.—Texas Siftings.

The Girl With Many Brothers.

Brother (from the country)—How is this, Liesel? You are afraid of asking leave to go out this afternoon, when I, your only brother, have come to pay you a visit.

Servant Girl—Well, you see, Hans, I have had so many brothers calling to see me lately.—Rappel.

An Artist.

Valet (touching up his master's complexion)—How does monsieur le baron wish to appear today—the picture of robust health or as a languishing invalid?—Monde Illustre.